Mayfair playboys held the stage, until sentences given, then forgotten. *Thetis* disaster wrung all hearts; steel monster plunging, never to emerge, bows clearly seen, and within, men gasping for air until air all exhausted, no more to gasp. A.R.P. active, posters seen, English type required for poster-face and not at fust forthcoming; sallow maiden first chosen, and later replaced by blonde. Lectures now available, usually a colonel discoursing on poison gases and how to know them; notes taken, decontamination mastered, and general amusement that one gas, possibly to be discharged, should be called B.B.C. Wardens were appointed, sirens established, shelters prepared, and sometimes rehearsals arranged, participants forlornly pretending has happened, what will not happen, cannot happen, must happen.

Like a deep thunder cloud, bringing stillness and gloom; like the glassy sea when a hurricane comes; like the frigid silence before hate explodes—'There will be no war/ Lord Beaverbrook said; spend your money, kiss your sweethearts, happy be. Unity Mitford, often photographed, proclaimed her admiration for the Fiihrer; war of nerves proceeded, important engagements directed by Dr. Goebbels and Commander King-Hall. These two curious antagonists, angry dwarf and Naval Commander who has taken to the mightier pen, exchanged angry words.

Still it might be possible to understand, and understanding, avert disaster so unnecessary. Penguin Specials, only sixpence, were not lacking; all Eastern Europe in that man—then let that man turn inside out. *Nazi Germany Cannot Win,*

Why Germany Cannot Win, Hitler's Last Year Of Power—good titles all. Astrologers predicted peaceful years; 'Cabinet Minister Says No War'; Hitler was ill, had made a conciliatory speech, built himself an eyrie high in the mountains, been repeatedly to *The Merry Widow,* seen a throat specialist, used a bomb-proof screen, settled down to architectural plans, conversed amicably with Sir Nevile Henderson—Hitler!

After all, we had money, they had none. How easy it would be, if they would but lay down their arms, to make some more